

# G A R L A N D,

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. Shewing how a rich Lord's Son in *France*, fell in Love with a poor Farmer's Daughter.

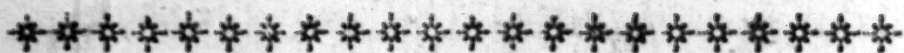
PART II. Also how they were discoursing by a Grove's Side, and were overheard by his Father.

PART III. How his Father banishing him, and thought to transport her, but she got herself a Green Livery, and went with him as his Page.

PART IV. How after seven Years Travel they returned Home, and how his Father and Mother received them with Joy and Gladness, and had them married.



*Decens'd and enter'd according to Order.*



## T H E

## Pretty Green-coat Boy's GARLAND.

Tune of, *The wandering young Gentlewoman.*



**Y**OU pretty young Maidens and Batchelors sweet,  
Come draw near unto me whilst I do relate:  
It is a true Story as e'er you did hear,  
Therefore now good People I pray you give Ear.

Near *Durance* in *France*, there liv'd in a Town,  
A Noble *French* Lord of great Fame and Renown.  
Who wedded a Lady, by her we hear,  
He had a young Son whom he loved most dear.

There was an old Farmer who lived hard by,  
That had a young Daughter both gallant and gay;  
So that in the Country there never was bred,  
A fairer young creature for both White and Red.

Which made all the Gentry both far and near,  
Dukes, Lords, Knights and 'Squires did thither repair;  
To court this fair Beauty but it was in vain,  
For none of them could her Favour obtain.

At length this Lord's Son who amongst all the Rest,  
Came a courting to her, and he did protest,  
Oh! pity, sweet *Jenny*, pray grant me thy Love,  
Or else you will my sad Destruction prove

She said, Noble Lord, I am both poor and low,  
My Father he is a poor Farmer you know;  
And he is not able for to Portion me,  
Therefore to consent, I'm not willing, said she.

If I yield not you, perhaps they may say,  
This young Lord has thrown himself quite away;  
Therefore, noble Lord we shall never agree,  
A labouring Man is far better for me.

Tha

\* That earnest his Bread by the Sweet of his Brow,  
And still takes Delight following the Plow:  
He has betten Delight I'll make it appear,  
Then a noble Lord of Ten Thousand a Year;

D. That has Wealth and Riches great Houses and Land,  
Both Men and Maid Servants still at his Command:  
If you can but love me, sweet *Jenny*, quoth he,  
A Lady of Honour you quickly shall be.

She said, noble Lord, I will be your sweet Bride,  
But what will become of us both she reply'd,  
If your honoured Father shou'd chance for to know,  
That you love a poor Farmer's Daughter so low.

If my Father should chance to be angry with me,  
Or my Mother to frown, then my Jewel shall see,  
I'll work while I'm able to stand at the Plow,  
And earn my Bread with the Sweat of my Brow.

I hope my dear *Jenny* shall ne'er complain,  
Whate'er I do promise while Life does remain:  
I'll surely perform, my dear Jewel said he,  
Then, *Jenny*, consent my sweet Bride for to be.

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## PART II.

air;  
est,  
As they were discoursing by a Grove, I hear,  
His Father was walking for to take the Air,  
He drew near unto them, close by the Ditch Side,  
Then these loyal Lovers were quickly betray'd.

And having heard all that between them did pass,  
He came to his Son and said to him, Alas!  
Are you going to degrade my Family,  
One Farthing I never will give unto thee.

But straight I will banish you out of this Place,  
Thou shalt not be to me a Shame and Disgrace:  
By wedding a Husbandman's Daughter so poor,  
Therefore, my Son, never come near me more.

The



The Son on his Knees to his Father did say,  
 Oh ! do not part me from my Jewel, I pray,  
 And if I am forc'd to beg for my Dear,  
 I'll travel the World round both far and near.

The Father in Rage to his Mother did go,  
 And told her the News with a Heartful of Wo :  
 My dear Wife, your Son will be married indeed, (bleed.)  
 To a Farmer's Daughter, which makes my Heart to

To whom, my dear Husband, the Wife did reply;  
 To one of our Tenants that liveth hard by;  
 With that, the Mother in a Passion did run,  
 Go call my Son to me, or else I'm undone.

He came in her presence, when she saw his Face,  
 Oh ! Son, thou hast brought us to shame and Disgrace :  
 By wedding of one that's not fitting for thee,  
 Oh ! I am not married, dear Mother, said he.

The Son on his Knees to his Father did say,  
 Oh ! do not part me from my Jewel, I pray :  
 If I was a Lord of Ten thousand a Year,  
 I'd part with it all for the Sake of my Dear.

The Father in a Passion, to his Son thus did say,  
 I will lock you up fast in your Closet straightway;  
 And for your dear Jewel, that you love dear,  
 I'll have her transported, you never shall hear.

Which Way she is gone, or which Way she shall go;  
 Nor where for to find her you never shall know;  
 With that the young Lord fell on his bare Knees,  
 Dear Father and Mother, do what you please.

Now I'll leave this young Lord in Tears to mourn,  
 And unto the poor Farmer's Daughter return;  
 She knowing his Father would send her away,  
 She went to a Taylor the very same Day.

And bargained with him for a Livery of Green,  
 Both Coat, Velt and Breeches, so neat and so trim :  
 he got a black Bag, and she ty'd up her Hair,  
 And then for her Journey she straight did prepare.

She

She went to the Town where this Lord did dwell,  
 Good People, pray mind, and I quickly will tell:  
 This Lord sent his Servant to bring her with Speed,  
 In hopes for to have her transported indeed.

They came to her Father and thus they did say,  
 We come for your Daughter to fend her away;  
 You may look out for her, the Farmer did cry,  
 If I loose my Daughter, I surely shall die.

Away they did run to their Master with Speed,  
 And said, noble Lord, she is now gone indeed;  
 Well, if it be so, I am well satisf'd,  
 With that the young Lord he most bitterly cry'd.

The very next Morning when the day did peep,  
 The Mother arose and left his Father asleep;  
 She came to her Son, where lamenting he lay,  
 Then open'd the Door, and to him did say:

Dear Child here's five Hundred Pounds told down,  
 So take thy Horse straight, and get out of Town,  
 Before that thy Father gets out of his Sleep:  
 My Blessing go with thee, with that she did weep.

I thank you dear Mother the Son did reply:  
 At parting they kiss'd and each of them did cry;  
 Said he, now I'll wander the World far and near,  
 To search for my Jewel, whom I love so dear.

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### P A R T    I I I .

SO taking his Horse, then away he did go,  
 Leaving his dear Parents in Sorrow and Wo:  
 But as he was riding along the Highway,  
 He met with his Lover in a Page's Array.

She bow'd to her Lord with a Cap in her Hand,  
 And said, noble Lord, I do now understand,  
 That you are going a Journey, said she;  
 Are you willing to have such a Servant as me?

She

He

He said my pretty Boy, what is your Name,  
Or where was thou born? pray tell me the same,  
I was born near *Durance* in *France*, Sir, said she,  
*Adouia* is the Name that my Father gave me.

He said, thou art a pretty Boy as I live,  
And as for thy Wages thou surely shalt have;  
If I was to travel the World through, said he,  
A prettier Boy sure I never could see.

He bought her a Horse, and away they did ride,  
Both Sword, Case of Pistols, and all by her Side;  
At length they did travel for many a long Day,  
Until they were weary almost, I hear say.

Now I do leave them in Grief for a while,  
And turn to the Father, to grieve for his Child:  
The old Man arising and missing his Son,  
He stamp'd like a mad Man, and said, I'm undone.

His Wife she said to him, Oh! cruel you are,  
To banish from thee thy only Son and Heir:  
Thou art very cruel to cross thy Son's Love,  
Perhaps it may to him his Destruction now prove.

The Father then said, I'm griev'd to the Heart,  
To think that my dear Son from me should part:  
For now he is gone the wide World for to range,  
But had he been here my Mind soon should change.

I wish I had gave him my Consent for to wed,  
But now he is gone, all Joy is from me fled:  
If he and his Love were but here with me now,  
With all that I have I them both endow.

Now we'll again leave them in Sorrow to mourn,  
And back to the Son then again we'll return;  
Who spent many Days in the Search of his Dear,  
And how he did find her you now soon shall hear.

Although he was searching for her Night and Day,  
She wandered with him in Page's Array;  
And every Night with him in Bed she did lie,  
And was the Partaker of his Calamity.

When



When he did lament it would cause her to Weep,  
That very few Nights they could fall asleep;  
So for want of Rest, and through great Poverty,  
They both in strange Countries had like for to die.

Alone they did travel in Sorrow and Grief,  
From Door unto Door begging for Relief,  
Which made this young Lord to shed many a Tear,  
And cry'd, had I but one Sight of my Dear.

Then would I freely resign my last Breath,  
For her I am weary of living on Earth:  
Therefore now sweet Heaven, I pray pity me,  
And grant me one Sight of my Jewel to see.

Then spoke his dear Lover in Page's Array,  
Come let us go Home, dear Sir, I now pray,  
And there your dear Lover you quickly shall find,  
And your Father and Mother both loving and kind.

My dear pretty Boy, I do pity thy Case,  
For here I'm resolv'd to die in this Place:  
My Father and Mother I never will see,  
Because in my Love they were cruel to me.

Oh! do not say so, then answer'd the Lad,  
Your Father to see you will be very glad;  
And likewise your Lover for no they do wait,  
And be glad to see you and lie at your Feet.

If it be so, I will take your Advice:  
So taking of Shipping, they sail'd in a Trice;  
To fair *Durance* City, when landed they were,  
He straight to his Father and Mother repair'd.

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#### PART IV.

SO going towards Home with Tears in his Eyes,  
At last his dear Father and Mother he spies;  
For as they were standing close at the Door,  
They spied their Son coming distressed and poor.

His

His Father said, Wife, yonder cometh your Son,  
His Mother with Joy away she did run:  
As soon as she saw him she fell in a Swoon,  
And with perfect Joy she fell straight to the Ground.

So in they both went with great Joy overspread;  
The Father to see his Son was very glad:  
For Joy at his coming great Feasting did make,  
But yet for his Lover his poor Heart did ache.

The Father said, pray Son, what makes you so sad;  
I'm sure for to see you my Heart is full glad:  
Were but your dear Lover just here with me now,  
With all that I have I would you both endow.

His Love standing by in Page's Array,  
With Tears in her Eyes she to him did say,  
I am that young Creature that should be your Bride,  
Although seven long Years I've lain by your Side.

With that the young Lord was all in Amaze,  
And for a long Time he on her did gaze:  
Art thou the poor Farmer's Daughter, said he,  
Full seven long Years that went begging for me.

Then said the Father sure that cannot be,  
That you whom he sought was in his Company:  
Now I am contented you shall be his Bride;  
That Word was reviv'd me, the Son he reply'd

They sent for the Gentry both far and near,  
To view this young Couple they then did repair:  
A fairer young Creature there never was seen,  
The poor Farmer's Daughter as fine as a Queen.

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They sent for her Father and Mother with Speed,  
To hear of her coming they were glad indeed,  
Come play up a Jigg the old Women did cry;  
My Daughter's a Lady, I'll dance till I die.

Let all loyal Lovers take Warning by this,  
To do as this Couple, and ne'er do amiss,  
If you were to travel all the World round,  
Two such loyal Lovers would seldom be found.

F I N I S.